

ENGLISH TOWNS BOMBARDED: WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHS

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

THE WANTON WAR ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN: HOW THE HUNS
BROUGHT HAVOC TO HARTLEPOOL AND ENGLAND'S COAST.



9/11913
Where the Hartlepool gasometer was hit and fired by the shell that had pierced the wall.



9/11913
Where the German shell pierced the wall enclosing the gasometer.

Britain's death-roll from the raid on the East Coast by German cruisers is heavy. In Hartlepool alone fifty-five people, including many women and children, have been murdered by the pirates who, in obedience to the Lord of Potsdam, make war upon a



9/11913
This German shell killed ten people. It weighed 42½ lb., and fell in Dean-street.

civil population. And 115 people have been injured. The Hartlepool gasometer was damaged, while much private property was wrecked. Naturally Berlin is rejoicing now with flags and joybells.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

CHRISTMAS LETTER FOR EVERY TOMMY

100,000 Parcels Sent in Two Days to Soldiers at the Front.

FIGHTING CLERKS.

Many records in Christmas postal traffic are being established this year.

Complete figures are not yet available, but it is already clear that not a single soldier at the front, at any rate, will be able to complain that he has been forgotten during this memorable Christmas of 1914.

Never before have there been such extraordinarily busy scenes at Mount Pleasant.

The whole of the postal work for the British Expeditionary Force on the Continent is done under military control. Several clerks and sorters are dealing with the whole of the letter and parcel work in London, while another 1,000 men are engaged in receiving and distributing on the other side of the Channel.

EXPECTED TO FIGHT.

They have all enlisted in the Regular Army, and have been drilling like other soldiers. All are members of the Royal Engineers, liable for foreign service. They are expected, when occasion needs, to drop mail-bags, seize their rifles and help in defence work.

Several instances of this have already been reported, and a number of these military postal workers have been wounded while in discharge of their duties.

"The average number of letters we are sending daily to the front is about 300,000," Major Wheeler, who is in charge of the military postal service at Mount Pleasant, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"During the past few days the daily average has risen to nearly 400,000, and the record was made yesterday, when we sent over half a million letters."

Of parcels of gifts for the Expeditionary Force we were dealing with 18,000 a day before the Christmas rush started.

Then the totals began to rise until Saturday and Sunday.

"These were the last days for posting parcels to be delivered on or before Christmas Day. On the two days together we dispatched 100,000 parcels."

"In all, during the two and half weeks ending yesterday we have sent over half a million parcels of Christmas gifts to the front."

Our sailors, too, are receiving great shiploads of Christmas gifts.

CENSORED PARCELS.

On an average nearly 18,000 parcels per day are being sent to the warships in home and foreign waters, *The Daily Mirror* was informed yesterday at Mount Pleasant.

These parcels are dispatched, of course, with the strictest secrecy, the postal authorities working under confidential instructions furnished by the Admiralty.

Nor are the British prisoners of war in Germany and those interned in Holland being forgotten.

During this week 3,000 parcels a day are being sent to them through neutral channels.

These, of course, first pass through the Censor's hands on this side and in the enemy's country, just as do the thousand or so parcels a day which are being received for German and Austrian prisoners of war in this country.

NATION'S 24 HOURS OF PRAYER.

Some 80,000 people in all attended St. Paul's Cathedral for the twenty-four hours' intercession service which ended at 8 a.m. yesterday. Many of the worshippers stayed ten or twelve hours in the cathedral, and even larger numbers remained for the whole twenty-four hours' vigil, only leaving the building for short periods.

The average attendance was between 4,000 and 5,000 an hour, a number, of course, was at times much exceeded. At noon on Wednesday it was found necessary to close the doors of the cathedral so great was the press.

CRUISER BUILT IN RECORD TIME.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement: "An interesting record in ship construction has been established in the building, at Messrs. Cammell, Laird and Co.'s Yard, Birkenhead, of his Majesty's new light cruiser *Caroline*.

Her keel was laid on January 28, 1914; she was launched on September 21 and delivered complete on December 17 after satisfactory trials on December 15, the contract date for delivery having been May 21, 1915.

SPUR TO RECRUITING.

A striking impetus to recruiting has resulted from the bombardment of the East Coast towns.

It was stated at Scotland Yard that the number wishing to enlist yesterday was largely in excess of the average. Indeed, for some time there was quite a rush resembling none of the scenes that occurred in the earlier days of the war.

PREMIER'S SOLDIER SON ILL.

Mr. Arthur Asquith, the Prime Minister's second son, who has been at the front for some time past, has been brought to London, and is lying ill at 10, Downing-street.

HUNS' MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

Women and Children Killed by Fire of German Cruisers—Tragedy of Girl and Postman.

Many tragic incidents and thrilling escapes during the bombardment of Scarborough were reported yesterday.

One of the most painful scenes of all was that which took place at the Granville Boarding House, on the Esplanade.

A woman neighbour called on Mr. J. Truefit to ask if she could use his telephone. Just at the moment a shell exploded and killed her instantly. Mr. Truefit escaped.

A clergyman and his wife were sleeping in their bedroom when a shell went clean through the room, completely wrecking it, without, however, injuring the occupants.

From a bedroom in one of the houses through which a shell had passed a woman had just taken her little boy. She was standing at the door of the bedroom when the shell came through the window. She and her son escaped death by a few inches.

While Archdeacon Mackarness was conducting early morning communion St. Martin's Church was struck twice. The first shell struck the extreme eastern end and the second hit near the west end.

The Archdeacon conducted the service as though nothing untoward was happening.

SCHOOLBOYS UNDER FIRE.

Two London boys, R. H. and J. W. Baker—brothers—were having tea at Bramcote School, Scarborough, when the bombardment began.

At King's Cross Station a few hours later they were proudly displaying fragments of the shells which they had picked up.

"On the master's orders," they said, "We picked up as much bread and butter as we

HAIL OF KULTUR FOR CHURCHES.

SCARBOROUGH (5).

The Church of St. Columba.

The Parish Church.

All Saints' Church.

Roman Catholic Church.

St. Martin's Church.

WHITBY.

The Abbey.

THE HARTLEPOOLS (4).

St. Hilda's Church.

Baptist Church.

Roman Catholic Church.

Scandinavian Church.

The Scarborough Hospital was also hit.

could, took our coats and marched off to the old gymnasium, which was partly underground.

"There was the sound of shells crashing all round us, and for greater safety we were marched away to the golf links, where we remained under cover for two days."

"In the golf links we passed a big hole made by a shell. It was about 4ft. deep, and when we got back to the playground after the firing stopped we found fragments of shell all round."

"None of the boys showed any sign of being afraid."

"I know that a postman was killed while delivering letters at a house in Filey-road, close to the school."

"Later in the day a boy named Stephenson at our school received a letter covered with blood-stains. It was one of those which was in the parcel being carried by the postman who was killed."

POSTMAN AND GIRL KILLED.

A London woman who returned from Scarborough on Wednesday night was in a house which was struck.

"A shell passed through our room," she said, "Someone was laying the cloth for breakfast, and I was poaching eggs at the moment."

"A great hole in the wall on both sides of us indicated the course of the missile. In a body we hurried downstairs to the basement, and waited in an agony of suspense, scarcely daring to breathe, as the dread thuds shrieked overhead."

One woman who was in bed at the time of the bombardment tells how she heard the report of a deafening explosion.

Running into the front room she saw her window shattered, and looking across the street saw the house of a neighbour with the roof demolished.

Another was placidly cooking the breakfast. She had thought that the sound of the guns was thunder.

"Don't you know the Germans are here?" exclaimed her husband.

The breakfast was left on the fire, and the couple, seizing hats and coats, ran into the street. Everywhere people were flocking out of

their homes. Many made their way to the railway station with but scanty clothing.

One of the victims was a postman named Alfred Beal, who was killed with a shell while delivering letters. At the same time Margaret Briggs, a servant-maid, who was cleaning the front steps of a house, was killed. The shell fell between the postman and the maid.

Throughout the bombardment special constables, at great personal risk, conducted the old and infirm to dugouts.

FALL OF 'IMPERIAL GERMANY.'

The bodies of the dead were taken to the mortuary, and the wounded, of whom several were seriously hurt, were hurried to hospitals and private nursing institutions, under continuous shell fire.

A curious incident is reported from Newborough, where the force of an explosion shook a book shop, but only one book fell from the shelf, and that was "Imperial Germany."

A greengrocer deserted his cart and reached the kerb just in time to see his horse killed.

A shell burst near Mr. George Sidman, a Scarborough jeweller, while he was on his way to his shop. He instinctively put up his bag to save his head and so turned aside a piece of shell.

It shattered his first finger, and would no doubt have seriously injured him but for the protection of the bag.

COASTGUARD BEHEADED.

The first shell at Whitby appears to have hit a small structure on an eminence where there were some men on duty.

Four or five coastguards with a sentry and some boy scouts were watching the suspicious vessels, and the whole party at once ran outside.

A large splinter practically beheaded Coastguard Randall, killing him on the spot.

A milkmaid going on her rounds with her father was in Mrs. Hume's house when a fragment of a shell missed her bonnet, and her father's feet were cut. That shot also damaged the house of the chairman of the local district council.

Other shots struck and damaged Mr. Barwood's house, and pitched into the roadways a royal present. Other shells fell six miles away.

STAMPEDE AT SCHOOL.

Meadowfield School was struck by a shell just after lessons had begun. The scholars stampeded from the building. Many windows were shattered by the concussion.

A North-Eastern Railway trolleyman named Tunmore was struck in the chest by a piece of shell and killed on the spot.

Two local boy scouts assisting in patrol duty were slightly wounded.

One house in Fishbourn Park had the corner of the roof shattered. A shell entered the front of another house, demolishing the lower part of the building and leaving a bed on the second floor resting on splinters.

SIX CHILDREN KILLED.

There were many terrible tragedies at West Hartlepool, but three stand out pre-eminent.

The seven soldiers killed, were members of the Durham County "Pals" Battalion. They were standing together on the front, and a shell burst in the middle of them. Two other cases are those of civilians.

A family resident in Dene-street had a shell burst in their house, with the result that the father, mother, and six children were killed instantly.

The third case was that of the Misses Kays, who lived in the house in Cliff-terrace, just behind the lighthouse, at the point nearest where the hostile vessels lay.

The Misses Kays were aroused by the sound of firing. They let their servant out at the back and told her to run, and, returning to the house, went upstairs to gather some things.

Whilst they were in the bedroom a shell burst, carrying away the end of the house and killing both of them.

RECTOR'S ESCAPE.

In another case a woman fleeing with her children had one killed.

One of the most remarkable escapes was that of the rector of St. Hilda's, Canon Ormsby, a brother of Bishop Ormsby.

A shell burst by the rectory, which was unroofed.

The Canon, who was in bed, was assisted to the cellar, where he remained until the house was again under bombardment ended.

Furniture was damaged in almost every room in the rectory, but no one was injured.



Two forks picked out of a wrecked house at Scarborough which had been hit by a German shell. The forks are twisted like thin wire.

HEROES OF THE SEA MEET THE KING.

His Majesty Decorates Brave Seafarers at Buckingham Palace.

DRAMA OF A HOLD.

The King received thirteen sailor heroes at Buckingham Palace yesterday and personally decorated each of them with the Albert Medal for bravery at sea.

Mr. Runciman, as President of the Board of Trade, attended for the first time in that capacity. He read to the King the record of the circumstances for which the medal was awarded.

His Majesty warmly shook each recipient by the hand, and exchanged a few words with each.

The deeds of some of these seafaring heroes are recorded below.

His Majesty included Captain G. E. Jacobs, skipper of the trawler J. G. C. of Lowestoft, who recovered the silver medal.

On September 22, when the *Aboukir*, *Hogue* and *Cressy* were sunk by torpedoes, Jacobs, though unaware whether the explosion was due to a mine or to a torpedo, did not hesitate to proceed at once to the scene of the disaster, and with his own vessels assisted in saving hundreds of lives.

The matters of the three other vessels have also been awarded the silver medal.

DOWN AMONG POISON FUMES.

William Cairns, chief officer, and Anton Emil Duhirn, carpenter, of the steamship Baron Erskine, of Ardrossan, were awarded the silver medal.

On July 10, 1913, while the Baron Erskine was lying at Hong Kong, three lascars were overcome by carbon-dioxide fumes in the forepeak tank.

Mr. Cairns went into the tank with a rope round his waist, but, becoming unconscious, fell off the ladder and had to be rescued.

A windlass was then let down into the tank, and after about ten minutes Duhirn descended with his nostrils and mouth covered with a towel saturated with lime water.

He fixed a bowline round one of the men, and he and the man were then pulled up to the deck.

The second officer attempted to recover the other men, but was overcome by the fumes. Duhirn then descended once more, and a second man was recovered.

After a short interval he went down for the third time, and the tank being now almost free of gas, succeeded in recovering the remaining man.

Although artificial respiration was tried, the three men did not recover.

OVERBOARD TO SAVE FIREMAN.

Very considerable risk was incurred by each of the men in rendering the services owing to the presence of the poisonous fumes. The second officer has also been awarded the silver medal, but was unable to attend.

A number of the *Volturno* crew who previously had not been able to attend also received their medals.

James Frederick Howlett, skipper of the steam drifter *Saturn*, of Lowestoft, who received the bronze medal, jumped overboard in the North Sea on November 10, 1913, to rescue a fireman who had fallen from the derrick.

Alfred Markler Souter, chief officer of the steamer *Inverclyde*, of Glasgow, received the silver medal.

He was in charge of a boat that dared the gale and heavy seas in the North Atlantic on November 26, 1913, to go to the rescue of the crew of the *Evelyn*, of Carnarvon.

DOCTOR DEFINES A 'GRIP'

"Pressure on Point Opposite to Point of Apposition," Says Medical Witness.

What is meant by a "grip" was defined by a doctor in a case in Mr. Justice Bray's court yesterday.

Mrs. Lilian Wrigglesworth, licensee of the historic Lamb and Flag Tavern, Rose-street, Coventry, brought an action against the Midland Railway Company to recover damages for alleged assault and slander.

Mr. Waugh, K.C., said that the plaintiff's house was an historic old tavern mentioned in "Pickwick Papers."

Mrs. Wrigglesworth, giving evidence, said on last Derby Day evening she and her sister went to St. Pancras Station to see off some friends who had come from Ayr.

They were standing on the platform with one of their friends, who was going by a later train, when, according to Mrs. Wrigglesworth, a station policeman seized them by their arms.

He said, "Now, then, girls, come on," and pushed them along the platform.

Witness's sister, aged 124, and he then said, declared the witness, "421, if you like."

The two were flung away by the policeman, the story went on, and returned home in a taxi cab.

Dr. Sapp, Mrs. Wrigglesworth's medical attendant, said that he found bruises on her arm after her adventure at St. Pancras.

Asked to say what he meant by a "grip," the doctor replied: "A grip is pressure applied to a point with other pressure applied on a point opposite to the point of apposition."

Mr. Elliott, for the defence, said that the two women were in the way of people coming to catch the train. As they refused to move the police led them away.

The hearing was adjourned.

Shipping traffic between Flamborough Head and Newcastle has been stopped until further notice, says an Admiralty notice issued yesterday.

GERMAN GHOULS GLOATING OVER MURDER OF ENGLISH SCHOOLBOYS

Berlin's Satisfaction with "Gallant" Fleet That Can Kill Civilians.

DEAD AT HARTLEPOOL NOW NUMBER 77.

Increased Death-Roll at Scarborough Includes Babies and Young Mothers.

RAID BRINGS RECRUIT RUSH INSTEAD OF PANIC.

"A further proof of the gallantry of our Navy."

This is not biting satire; it is a German newspaper's gloating over the murder by German battle-cruisers of innocent civilians in England.

The bombardment of Scarborough, Whitby and Hartlepool has caused joy in Germany, where civilised methods of warfare are, of course, quite obsolete.

Even the Berlin official report is unable to state the facts without introducing a lie, that of describing Scarborough as a "fortified town." Its only "fortification" is a 300 year-old cannon on a hotel lawn!

No mention, of course, is made in the Berlin official report of Whitby.

Unhappily the casualties in the three towns are double the number first reported.

At Hartlepool one shell killed fifteen school-boys, and a four-months-old baby was another victim.

Most of the killed and wounded were women and children.

One effect of the raid was a marked increase yesterday in the number of recruits for Lord Kitchener's Army. The German big guns have succeeded, it seems, chiefly in stirring up a hornet's nest.

A spy was seen signalling at Scarborough yesterday morning, says a Central News telegram. Military armed with rifles at once began a search.

SCOUT DIES IN STREET.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

SCARBOROUGH, Dec. 17.—Notices in big red type warning people not to touch any unexploded shells, but to notify the military authorities or the Chief Constable of their village, have been posted up all over the town.

Everybody in Scarborough to-day is telling stories of marvellous escapes from shells.

The death of Mrs. Merryweather, a young married woman, was terribly swift. She was showing two friends into a cellar when a shell crashed into her house. "I am

THE RAID AT A GLANCE.

SCARBOROUGH.

Shells on the town	300
Duration of bombardment (minutes)	30
Houses damaged	3

WHITBY.

Shots fired	200
Duration of bombardment (minutes)	15

THE HARTLEPOOLS.

Duration of bombardment (minutes)	25
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hit," she cried. A large piece of steel had cut her in the body and she died shortly afterwards. George Taylor, aged fifteen, a boy scout, met with a tragic fate during an early morning walk.

He went out to buy a newspaper just after eight o'clock, and when in Albion-street a shell suddenly exploded, killing him instantly. The Princess Olga, from Liverpool to Aberdeen, was blown up last night by a mine. All the crew were fortunately saved. They escaped from the sinking ship in two boats, and reached Scarborough in safety.

BRIDEGROOM'S TRAGEDY.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

SCARBOROUGH, Dec. 17.—It is quiet in Scarborough to-day. Confidence has returned, and the townspeople who left their houses yesterday morning are returning by every train.

Miss Crowe, who was killed, was engaged to be married, and the marriage had been postponed owing to the war.

Her fiancé went to the front, but had obtained leave to come home for the wedding, which was to have taken place this week, but arrived home to find that his fiancée had been killed by the Germans.

I made a tour this morning of the houses, hotels, churches, etc., which have been wrecked

by German shells. Most tragic is the sight of the little homes of poor people which have been demolished by the sea Hun.

The damage to the Grand Restaurant and Picture House on the sea front is so complete that only one of the windows is left intact.

The restaurant itself, with gaping holes in the roof, floor and walls, shows the effectiveness of shells at short range.

Amid a pile of broken furniture and bricks there was one thing intact—a decanter of wine. Some narrow escapes were experienced by the trawlers of the Scarborough fishing fleet, which were out at sea when the German cruisers appeared.

The skipper of one of the boats told me how he saw the warships appear.

"They steamed past quite close to me," he said. "I had no fear of them. I thought they were British boats."

One of the warships then slowly turned, when about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and opened a broadside of fire on to the town. I then knew what the vessels really were.

"I could see the shells flying into the town, and clouds of dust and stone as they hit the different buildings."

"I thought we should not stand a dog's chance of getting safely back to land, but after half an hour's firing the German cruisers turned and steamed out to sea at a great pace."

STEAMERS SUNK BY MINES FROM CRUISERS.

Dramatic Escape of Trawlers When Firing Began Off Scarborough.

The Admiralty states that shipping should be warned that traffic between Flamborough Head and Newcastle is stopped until further notice.

Mines were apparently dropped by the raiding cruisers, and either two or three steamers were blown up by contact with these.

The steamer City arrived at South Shields and landed twelve survivors of the steamer Ellervater, which was sunk by a mine off Flamborough Head. Six hands of the Ellervater are still missing.

The crew of the City saw another vessel, apparently a passenger vessel, go down near the spot about the same time, after striking a mine.

The passengers and crew took to their boats. The Ellervater was a Tyne collier of 1,228 tons gross.

News was received yesterday at South Shields that three steamers were destroyed by mines.

At least two of the trawlers of the Scarborough fishing fleet had thrilling escapes.

In the harbour the Volta and Kameses were both shot through the bows.

GIRL KILLED AT TABLE.

How a grandfather went to the door of his house and found two of his son's children dead, lying underneath debris, was one among many pathetic stories related at the inquest yesterday on victims of the bombardment of Hartlepool.

Mr. William Roper, shipowner, said that when the town was shelled there was an explosion in his house.

He made his way down into the cellar to join his family, and later found the body of Jane Stoker, his cook, at the cellar steps. She had been struck by a shell.

A pattern-maker employed at an engine works said they were startled by the sound of gun-firing. A shell struck the roof of the shop they were in. They were exploding shells.

The men in a body, about forty of them, made a rush for the door leading into the yard, where they found it was better still.

They went back into the shop, and then decided to go out of the works to get together and make for home.

A man named Ramsey was one of the number, and witness never saw him any more, but he heard that he had been killed.

The father of a woman named Dorothy Saws said that he and his wife and the deceased and a little son were about to sit down to breakfast

when a shell burst through the ceiling. It killed his daughter instantly.

In another case, in which the body was that of Julia Moon, evidence was given that she was found lying dead by her daughter.

The house had been struck by a shell and shattered.

'GALLANTRY' OF MURDEROUS RAID PLEASES BERLIN.

German Official Statement Reports Bombardment of English "Fortified Coast Towns."

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 17.—The official German report says:—

Some vessels of our fleet raided the English East Coast, and bombarded, early in the morning of December 16, the fortified sea coast towns of Scarborough and Hartlepool.

No communication can yet be made concerning the further progress of this attack.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 17.—Referring to the shelling of Scarborough and West Hartlepool, the Berliner Tageblatt says:—

"Once more our naval forces, braving the danger of scattered mines in the North Sea, have shelled English fortified places."

The Deutsche Tageszeitung expresses satisfaction at the attack, especially coming, as it

SEA HUNS' "VICTORY."

	Killed.	Wounded.
The Hartlepoons	18	200
Scarborough	19	280
Whitby	2	2
	98	331

does, immediately after the naval battle off the Falkland Islands.

The Berliner Neues Nachrichten says:—

"This time it is not merely a daring cruiser raid or the mere throwing of a bomb, but a regular bombardment of fortified places. It is a further proof of the gallantry of our navy."

VICTIMS OF HUN'S SHELLS.

The names of the victims of the German bombardment are as follows. The lists, it is feared, are still incomplete:—

SCARBOROUGH.

KILLED.—Mr. John Hall, J.P., George Harland Taylor, Miss McIntyre, John Ryalls (fourteen months), Miss Ada Crow, Mrs. Johanna Bennett, Isaac E. Bennett, John Christopher Ward (nine), James Barnes (five), Mrs. Dunfield, Alfred Beale, Margaret Briggs, Mrs. Emily Merryweather, Mrs. Brew, Mrs. Edith Cross, Harry Frith, Leonard Ellis, Mrs. Mary Trow.

WOUNDED.—Herbert Jende, Margaret Fawdon, Lily Crosby, Mrs. Sharp, Mary Hersley, Mary Gamman, Betsy Bradley, Robert Watt, John Temple (ten), William White, J. Hard Watson, Robert Wood, Alfred Wood, Herbert Greenwood, Fred Edger, John Wood (seven), William Reynolds, Private Borman, Albert Webb, Milly Sharp (fourteen), Mr. Harland, Jane White, Thomas Place, Mary Fonniss, Robert Matson, Gilbert Greenwood.

WHITBY.

KILLED.—Consguard Randall, — Tunmore.

HARTLEPOOL.

KILLED.—William Avery, Miss Mole, Miss Kay (two), Charles Ramsay, James Leighton, Richard West, John Crouch (these last four were soldiers), Mr. Laws, his wife and daughter, John Halsey, Mrs. Moon, Mrs. Arthur Williams, Mr. Rogers Cook, J. Clark, — Hudson, — Ashcroft, — Ashton, — Cook.

BRITISH FLEET SHELLS TURKS.

ATHENS, Dec. 17.—Advices from Mytilene state that a British squadron on Sunday bombarded the Turkish troops concentrated in the Gulf of Saros. No details are available.—Reuter.

ALLIES TAKE A 'BITE' IN FLANDERS.

Trenches Stormed and Taken—British Monitors Put German Batteries Out of Action.

FOE'S NEW PLAN?

The Allies are varying their "nibbles" by taking a good "bite" now and again.

From the sea to the Lys, the French communicate states, several trenches have been captured at the point of the bayonet.

The British squadron of monitors, an unofficial message states, has put a number of German batteries out of action on the Belgian coast.

The Germans, it is said, may make an effort to pierce the Allies' lines at Nieuport.

BAYONET CHARGES THAT TOOK THE TRENCHES.

Allies' Positions Consolidated—Progress Made in the Region of Vermelles.

PARIS, Dec. 17.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

From the sea to the Lys we captured several trenches at the point of the bayonet, consolidated our positions at Lombastzyde and St. George's, and organised the ground conquered to the west of Gheluvelt.

We progressed at some points in the region of Vermelles.

There was no infantry action on the rest of the front, but there was a very effective fire on the part of our heavy artillery in the neighbourhood of Tracy-le-Val, on the Aisne, and in the Champagne, as well as in the Argonne and in the region of Verdun.

In Lorraine and in Alsace there is nothing to report.—Central News.

WARSHIPS' DEADLY FIRE.

The British squadron have done great execution on the Belgian coast, says a Central News Dover message.

Firing with splendid accuracy, they put a number of German batteries out of action.

PARIS, Dec. 17.—The Dunkirk correspondent of the Petit Parisien reports that the British warships have inflicted a severe check on the German artillery, which opened a violent bombardment in the district near Ramscapelle, the warships in turn subjecting the Germans to a terrific fire from the sea.

There are indications, says the writer, that the Germans are preparing attempts to pierce the Allies' line at Nieuport and occupy the remainder of Belgian territory.—Reuter.

AUSTRIANS LED TO AMBUSH BRISTLING WITH GUNS.

Stupelation in Vienna at Serbian Victory—Russians Drive Foe Back.

VENICE, Dec. 16.—The Vienna correspondent of the Secolo writes that the catastrophe which the Austrian Army has suffered in Serbia at first produced the most profound depression in the capital, amounting to a sense of stupefaction, which has since given way to lively irritation against the commander of the forces operating in Serbia.

It is recalled that only eight days ago the Emperor conferred the highest war decoration on General Potiorek for his "brilliant and decisive victory over the Serbians," and also that the commander of Sarajevo, General Raai, was sent to Belgrade to act as governor only a few days before the disastrous turn of the tide.

General Potiorek telegraphed that within three weeks Nish would be occupied by the Austrians.

The truth is, says the Secolo, that the Serbians permitted the Austrians to advance past Valjevo and led them into an ambush commanded by admirably-placed artillery.

It is stated that the Serbians recently received from France, via Montenegro, several batteries of the newest modern guns and an abundance of ammunition.—Reuter's Special.

RUSSIANS REPULSE ATTACKS.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 16.—The following communiqué has been received from Headquarters.

In the Mlawa region the Germans have been driven back towards the frontier.

On the left bank of the Vistula obstinate attacks were made by the Germans, chiefly from Koenigsberg. Near Schachtel the Russians, after repelling continuous attacks in an unfavourable locality, retreated somewhat.

Towards night counter-attacks were effected in other parts of the front, and prevented the German movement reaching a critical point.

The Austrian advance from the Carpathians was checked by the Russian movements.—Central News.



This is the interior of a house in Scarborough where one room has been knocked into another by one of the shells fired by the German fleet.

A FINE ESCAPE.

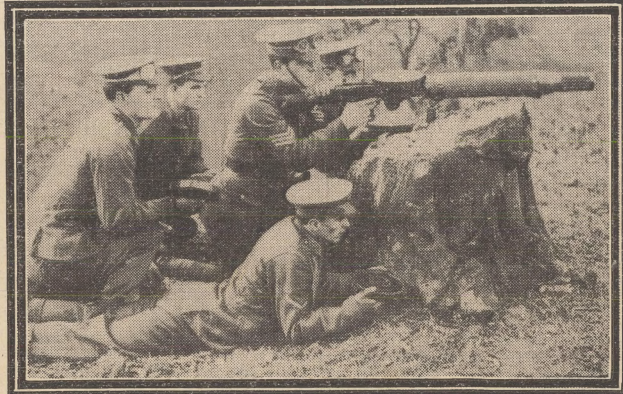
P. 1446 B



Lord Lyven and Melville, a lieutenant of the Royal Scots Greys, escaped from the Germans disguised as a Belgian civilian. He crossed the Dutch-Belgian frontier.

NEW GUN FIRES 750 SHOTS A MINUTE

9-331 A



This battery is equipped with the new gun which will fire 750 rounds a minute. The battery has been raised by Lord Lyven, and has been accepted by the War Office. Members of the battery are mounted with their guns on motor-cars.

ENGLISHWOMAN PHOTOGRAPHS GERMAN FIRING LINE.

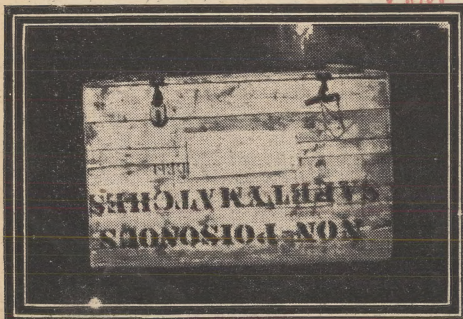
ORIG. RET. 6 MRS. TALKER. 6 BLOFIELD ST. W. (by Mrs. KIRKHAM) 9-423 R



This remarkable photograph of a German officer watching the effect of his infantry's fire on the Allies was taken by an Englishwoman who got into the German lines by mistake, and was lucky enough to escape back to the Allies after taking the photograph. The German infantry were firing incessantly while she walked through their lines, and were apparently too busy to notice her.

BOX THAT CAME BACK.

9-1808 N



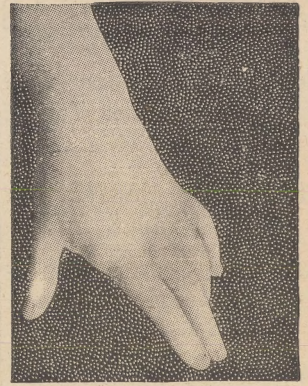
This is the packing-case in which Lieutenant Koehn, the German prisoner, made his sensational attempt to escape to Germany.

NURSES' COLD QUARTERS.

9-1909 B



In these tents the Red Cross nurses who are tending the British wounded at the front live and sleep. They are cold quarters just now.



You can as easily cultivate the beauty of the Hands and Arms as of the Face with **POND'S Vanishing Cream.**

POND'S Vanishing Cream is the best possible toilet preparation for preserving and beautifying the arms and hands, as well as the neck and face, and is especially valuable in changeable weather. Ladies who wish for beautifully white, delicate, "well-kept" hands should try it.

You can apply it overnight without wearing sleeping-gloves; there being absolutely nothing to stain or soil the daintiest fabric. The cream "vanishes" upon application; is quite free from greasiness or stickiness, and will assuredly prevent the roughening or spoiling your hands from exposure or from domestic duties. **Never promotes the growth of hair or down on the face.**

With POND'S Vanishing Cream the toilet is astonishingly simple; a small quantity applied to the face each night (or prior to walking, motoring, or outdoor recreation) and a small application to the neck, hands, and arms, and you will be delighted with the assured result. No massage required. Skin roughness and redness are impossible if POND'S Vanishing Cream be regularly used.

POND'S Vanishing Cream is highly praised by leaders of Society and the Stage, Madame Pavlova, Miss Neilson Terry, Miss Constance Collier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Olga Nethersole, Madame Tetrassini, etc.

Miss Neilson Terry writes:—

"I have tried Pond's Vanishing Cream and found it very excellent and a most valuable item of my toilet."



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POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 36), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

Accept NO substitute for Pond's Vanishing Cream, which is a unique product manufactured solely by Pond's Extract Co., Proprietors of the world-famous POND'S EXTRACT.

Pond's Vanishing Cream

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1914.

THE EAST COAST MURDERS

WHAT WOULD be said, at any ordinary time, if it were announced in the papers that any man or men had deliberately shot at and killed "Margaret Briggs, domestic servant," "Ada Crowe, domestic," "Miss Macintyre and a baby," a maid or two, a postman, a grocer's wife, a vanman and a few other inoffensive civilians, mainly women and children?

It would be said first that this was a mad-man's act. And if evidence of dangerous madness were not apparent, then it would be said that Margaret Briggs and the others, together with the infant in arms and the chance-passing tradesmen or postmen, were deliberately murdered. The murderer, if he could be found, would simply be tried and hanged.

Does it make any difference that this utterly useless but entirely murderous act has just been added to the German exploits of war? Does the word "war," covering so many iniquities, cover this also?

Turn to the first article of The Hague Convention, signed by Germany and adhered to in words by her military blusterers, and there read: "The bombardment by naval forces of undefended ports, towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings is forbidden." Equally forbidden, then, is the killing of such non-combatants as the buildings may hold—for indiscriminate shooting of civilians is admitted as a crime even by the Prussians, who always try to prove, before indulging in it, that such civilians did, in fact, shoot, or hit out, or in some other manner get in the way of Prussia. It is not, however, suggested even by those who call a seaside resort a fortified town that babies in arms are capable of impeding Prussia.

All military excuses for the bombardments are in vain. Morally they can only be excused by pretexting a military purpose. No such purpose is achieved. We pointed out yesterday that the situation is in no way modified. What remains then? Simply the murder of a number of inoffensive people "for fun."

We know now, after several months of war, that the Germans cannot resist hitting out wildly at anybody near them, if they happen to have been opposed and defeated. They murdered Belgian civilians because Belgium opposed and delayed them. Resistance in a few frontier villages, right at the beginning, led to indiscriminate murder of their inhabitants. Further resistance in France—more murders, or, more often, a frantically irritated destruction of buildings and property. A retreat. More frantic irritation, showing itself in haphazard hacking right and left. A defeat at sea. Murders of "domestic servants," postmen, old ladies, and infants in arms.

So it goes on, till in time the world is roused to protest. We said, mistakenly, that nothing is achieved by such warfare. That was wrong. Something is achieved. Gradually the whole world, well warned by the whole of these proceedings, sees and realises the true colour and quality of German civilisation and of the German method and mind. The mild professors of English dreams—where are they? Mobilising in murder-doctrine for Prussian pay. Our gentle philosophers of the universities, our exponents of true morals, our illustrators of a world seen as well and idea—what has become of them? Are they dead? Are they shot? No. They are still there, working hard. We misunderstood them and their purpose—that is all. I leas were the screen and concealment, or else the blatant exposition, for instincts now revealed. Common slaying is what pleases them and the land for which they speak more than ideas and morals. The East Coast murders have no significance but in adding proof to previous proof on this point. —W. M.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"THE DAILY MIRROR" AT THE FRONT.

ON BEHALF of all ranks of the 1st Battalion The Royal Irish Rifles, I beg to thank the proprietors of *The Daily Mirror* for so kindly supplying us with so many copies of their paper free. It has been a great boon to all during many otherwise monotonous days.

George B. LAURIE, Lieut.-Col.
Commanding 1st Battalion The Royal Irish Rifles.

IN READING your paper last night it struck me that it came to us as a presentation from the proprietors and staff, so thought I would like to thank you for it.

I can assure you that all ranks of my battery wish to express their gratitude to the Editor and

to return as soon as he was able, to take part in twenty more if need be. Another showed me a photograph of his wife and three pretty children; I asked if he were going back to the war; he looked quite fierce, waved his arms, and

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

cried: "Till the end!" The next time I went to the hospital he had gone.

When songs are being sung the men stop whatever they are engaged in—whist, bagatelle—

BRITAIN AT WAR.

What Some of Our Readers Think About the Bombardments.

GOOD FOR RECRUITING.

SOME years ago I remember spending a month or two at Scarborough. Very nice people in those parts, but distinctly stolid.

To "wake up England" nothing better could have happened than an affair of this sort. As your leader says: "What a boom for recruiting in Yorkshire!"
Grange Park, Ealing.
M. E.

THE GERMAN freak raid of bombs in the North will just help to shake us out of our bath-tub fright, the Navy will

protect us, is what most people in bath-chairs say. Now they will help to stimulate recruiting and advise the young men to help themselves. I say this with all due respect and reverence to those now suffering from loss of life or property. S. E. Cheniston-gardens, W.

NO EXCUSE THIS TIME. SURELY the bombardment of undefended towns in the open is the clearest breach of international law of which the Germans can yet boast, and we all know it is their habit to boast of such breaches of good faith.

When it was a case of Rheims and Ypres and such really indefensible acts of destruction they at least managed to trump up the excuse that these towns lay on their fighting line. While aiming at cathedrals they could pretend that they were aiming at combatants.

No such excuses can be trumped up for the Whitby and Scarborough affair. It is simply an act of "frightfulness," and a very, very silly and useless one at that, and I suppose all that the Germans will gain by it will be yet further and greater contempt from all who have the interests of humanity at heart.

H. A. Claremont-road, Tunbridge Wells.

SERVANTS AND WAR.

YOUR correspondent, "L. C. P.," says that in a "list of employment for which it was proposed to train young women domestic service was not named."

No wonder!—for there is a positive glut of servants on the market just now, in spite of the complaints of our numerous correspondents as to the difficulty of obtaining maids.

I am told that the proprietress of a well-known domestic agency in the West End had recently sent out a circular to all the maids on her books, begging them to do all in their power to keep their situations, even to the extent of putting up with extra work in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining posts just now. She would not do this if girls could pick and choose their "places," as formerly.

A friend of mine, with a large family, who cannot offer high wages, could never get a servant before the war. She advertised for weeks without a single reply. Soon after war broke out, however, she had no fewer than thirty girls—and good ones at that—to see her in reply to an advertisement. Does this fact go to prove that there is a lack of servants? R.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

To him is reared no marble tomb,
To him the dirge is seldom sung.
But some faint flowers of summer bloom,
And silent falls the wintry rain.

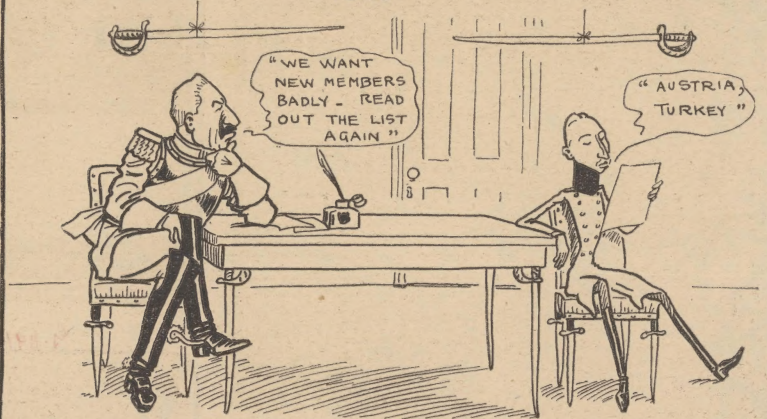
No village monumental stone
Records a verse, a date, a name—
What boots it? when the task is done,
Christian, how vain the sound of fame!
—W. L. WILKES.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The most wasted of all days is that one on which we do not laugh.—Chamfort.

THE WILLIES' SUICIDE CLUB AND ITS MEMBERS.

THE COMMITTEE, PROPRIETORS, JOINT SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS OF THE SUICIDE CLUB



THE MEMBERS



Kaiser and Crown Prince are always trying to get new nations to join the war, which can only end for them in disaster after the expenditure of a few more hundred millions. It looks as though fewer and fewer people would join this suicide club as time goes on.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

the staff of *The Daily Mirror* for the free copies which are distributed amongst us daily. We simply look forward for it to come, as it makes us feel happy that we are being thought of while we are out here by people whom we have not seen. We wish you and your staff a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

GUNNER C. TAPSON.
127th Battery, R.F.A., British Expeditionary Force.

A BELGIAN HOME.

IT REPAYS one to spend half an hour at a Belgian Refugee Home. It would stimulate any single man still hesitating whether to enlist. I visited, a few Sundays ago, a house which has been converted into a hospital solely for Belgians.

In the convalescent room the men were very bright and some of them at once showed me photos of their King and Queen, of whom they are justly proud.

One delicate-looking boy of seventeen told me he had fought in ten battles, and was anxious

to listen, and do not mind the words being neither French nor Flemish. Visitors never pity these heroes; there is a feeling of pride at the brave spirit displayed, despite the fact that in many cases they have lost everything in the devastation of their country.

However bad their wounds may have been, they long—as do our brave English soldiers—to return to the field. It is in this way that they set such a grand example of perseverance and bravery.

M.-H. BEDDING.

IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 17.—The lilacs are probably the most popular of all garden shrubs and, being extremely decorative and easy to grow, they certainly deserve to be widely cultivated. They may be planted any time during the winter, and should be given rich soil. They make a most attractive hedge.

It is important to remove all suckers as they appear, and, if possible, the faded flower trusses should also be cut away.

E. F. T.

SOME OF THE GERMAN NAVY'S "GLORIOUS DEEDS" ON ENGLAND



Kingscliff Camp offices, showing shell damage and military stretcher-bearers in front.



The roof of a house in Gladstone-road, Scarborough.



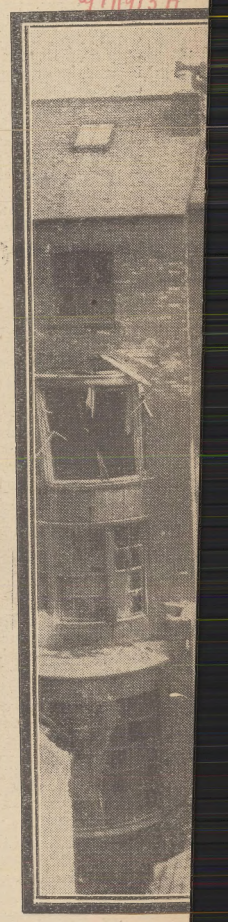
Houses in Dean-street, Hartlepool, wrecked.



Back view of wrecked house, Hartlepool.



Interior of wrecked house in Girvan-terrace, West Hartlepool.



Boarding-house completely wrecked.

The "victory" of the German Navy has truly been great. Four hundred and fourteen men, women and children have been killed and wounded by the

EAST COAST BEFORE IT FLED IN FEAR FROM A BRITISH FLEET

Page 8



struck by a German shell and utterly wrecked.



The house in Wykeham-street, Scarborough, where Mrs. Barnett and two children were killed.



This shell, which weighed 42½ lb., killed eight persons at Hartlepool.



Great holes torn in the wall of a house at Hartlepool.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Shell hole in Scarborough Lighthouse.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

home was ruined.

ser's pirate fleet. All sorts of private property at Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby was wrecked before the raiders ran from our Fleet's approach.

HIGH SPIRITS AT LOW LEVEL.
The splendid exploit of the submarine D-11 provides an illustration of the grit of our sailor lads. As related in the Press, the hours under water were spent in playing bridge and listening to the music rendered by instruments such as the Pathéphone.

The Pathéphone reproduces with a round sapphire point that entirely dispenses with needles, and gives the record a longer life.

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Our gallant tars will probably listen to the same music that you will enjoy at the self-same time!

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YOU SHOULD BEGIN TO READ THIS GREAT STORY NOW.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As he speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her towards him steadily.

There is a movement behind the half-closed eyes. Mrs. Cunliffe is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy. "You have made me feel better, you have strengthened me; you always do," she says with a little laugh.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her. To Sylvia, John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day life is finished. Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swiftly into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. Should Valerie be alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

On the verandah of a bungalow in Magalla, in India, John Hillier is sitting in an attitude of intent waiting, as if he were expecting some one. Suddenly he hears a faint noise. "Who's there?" he demands sharply.

"It is—Valerie," says a girl's voice, almost in a whisper.

Hillier believes it to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters her whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an amazing letter from Valerie, in which she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier! The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after hearing that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes. But she does not tell Hillier when she meets him. "I shall tell him in my own time," she threatens Sylvia.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie tells her that she must speak to her privately that night. They go off together to an ancient palace.

The next thing is, when Hillier is talking to a friend of his, when Henderson bursts into the room and falls in a dead faint.

WHAT HENDERSON FOUND.

"WHAT has happened, Henderson, for Heaven's sake, what has happened?"

The blind man's voice rang out with a horrible whistling note of fear. He took a few stumbling steps forward in the room and stood waiting, his startled face grey in the soft radiance of the lamp-light.

Steadily and monotonously, Henderson's voice came reassuringly:—

"Nothing serious, I hope, but Mrs. Hillier has fainted. I am lifting her on to the couch here.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

Call her woman, like a good chap; then I can leave her with you and go out to see what all this fuss is about. Some idiot probably saw a white cow straying on the road and mistook it for the ghost of his grandmother."

He made a fierce gesture of dismissal to the servant, who covered in the doorway, his swarthy face pale with the extremity of his terror. But the man was not to be silenced. He cried out in his own tongue:—

"Excellency, there is no time to lose! The memsahib is dying—or dead! There is no time to be wasted in vain speech!"

Hillier heard the words and understood them more swiftly than Henderson.

Good heavens—it's Sylvia. My wife's sister, Henderson, was mad enough to let them go out together to the ruins of the palace—criminal enough. Go at once—I'll look after my wife. Take Butka with you. Where is the man? There's not another servant about the place with the brains of a fox."

The lady has probably fallen and sprained her ankle," Henderson said, lightly. "Don't be alarmed—it is no case of battle and murder or sudden death. I know this district considerably of living fox."

It was wasting valuable time, perhaps, to stand there talking like that to soothe a half-distracted man when as Henderson dreaded some tragedy was afoot, but Hillier was in a terribly nervous state, and he did not want two—or even three—demented people on his hands.

Hillier drew himself together with an effort.

"Don't be afraid. I'm not going to make an act of myself, Henderson. Go at once, like a good fellow. If anything has happened to her sister I will simply kill my wife. They are absolutely devoted to each other."

All right—I'm off. Here is Mrs. Hillier's

Still very studiously cheerful, Henderson strode out after the gesticulating servant. But outside, in the cool softness of the Indian night, he paused and wiped the dew that had risen on his forehead. He had had a few wonderful moments in the room he had left behind him, when he had stood between the man who was blind and the white-faced woman out of whose wide eyes there had looked the naked spirit of living fear.

The moon had been rising as he rode up the long road that wound up from Magalla; it was risen now, as he went swiftly by Butka's side, in the direction of the ruined palace, whose outlines stood out against the skyline.

The great orange-hued Indian moon, lighting up the world like a magic lamp in whose rays nothing is hidden, not the tiniest frond on the sleeping ferns or the round pearls of dew in the half-closed cups of the flowers.

He questioned the bearer as he went, questioned him adroitly, as it seemed to him, but he learned little from the man. The beaming face of the Madrassee became like a coal-black mask the moment he was questioned.

He hardly knew what he had expected to hear. Only, most definitely, he was aware of the brooding spirit of tragedy.

Those quivering, voiceless, that he had heard had been the voices of Mrs. Hillier and her sister. Strange; there had sounded in them—not anger, but a sort of railing entreaty. They had almost certainly not been the voices of sisters who adored each other.

Anthony Henderson was a man whose experiences in India had made him most acutely sensitive to emotional impressions. There had been hatred in the voice of the woman, whose face floated to his ears as he rode past the ruined palace. He was absolutely certain of that.

There was no sign of life on the highway as they went; no sound save the soft fall of naked feet in the dust, as the two servants went before them, the lanterns that they carried throwing small, shifting pools of light on the white road.

At the entrance to the palace grounds Henderson paused. The ruins were extensive, and in places dangerous, seeing that broken flights of steps led to gaping chasms with a sheer drop of several hundred feet to the bed of the river below. One place he remembered particularly, where steps led to a small stone-hewn reservoir, where the water from the lake escaped and fell trickling in a small, slow stream to join the river in the valley.

Butka was questioning the servant who had given the alarm. Presently he returned.

"Excellency, the memsahib, so this man says, is lying in the entrance to the Court of the Women. He says," Butka murmured, with the tip of his tongue as he spoke, "that passing, even as thou also passed, along this road, he heard the cry of a woman who sees fear leap upon her in the night, and knowing no fear of man himself, went to her assistance."

But as he reached the side of the memsahib, whom he found lying like a heap of snow at the edge of the staircase below, some accursed spirit on the place fled past him shrieking.

"What nonsense is this?" Henderson said sternly. "Let him lead us to the place where he found the memsahib without delay, lest it should be that his own spirit is sent to fly shrieking in the darkness."

Butka translated the words with a becoming vigour to the hillman, and returned to Henderson.

"He says that it will be safer for your Excellency to descend by the path rather than trust to the broken stairs," he said.

Together the four men began to scramble down the precipitous path that led to the inner parts of the palace, and the Court of the Women, where the screen, exquisitely carved in

stone and ivory-studded, stood intact in places, veiling still the pavements where dainty feet had once gone gaily to and fro between the gardens and the palace.

It was a strange descent, this, through the tropical vegetation, where the broad-leaved shrubs and stunted trees seemed to whisper eerily together, though no breath of wind disturbed the heavy air.

Out of the white glare of the moon the path was in dense shadow, and the wavering lantern lights seemed to accentuate, rather than lessen, the gloom. Now and again birds startled from sleep by the stones dislodged by their going, swooped out with startled cries. There was a drowsy scent in the air, as though, after the passage of long years, the clouds of stale incense smoke still hung heavy about the shrines in these inner courts.

Into the palace itself, where the marble flight of stairs rose gleaming white and proud in the moonlight, past a carved pillar, where a lush creeper had wound its snaky way through the interstices of the stonework, on into the very dead heart of this place that had once been the pleasant house of kings.

And here, "crumpled like a heap of snow," Anthony Henderson came suddenly on the woman who had been Valerie Craven.

He was dead. It took him only a moment to bend over the huddled body to ascertain that. There were fragments of broken stone about her, and it comes by craft and subtly as often as straight from the hand of God to mistake the sight of it now.

She was lying, not at the foot of the great flight of stairs that rose up fresh and exquisitely fair in their marble whiteness, but a little distance on against the wall of the courtyard. There were fragments of broken stone about her, and a short length of marble coping had fallen close to her, so close that it had grazed the brow under the low growing dusky cloud of her hair.

Looking up, Henderson saw a gap in the wall high above him—the wall that separated the sunk grounds of the palace from the road. . . . She must have fallen," he said, and hardly knew that he had spoken aloud. "She must have leaped against the wall, and the coping gave and she over-balanced and fell."

"Of a surety, Excellency," the voice of the Madrassee, speaking beside Henderson, roused him to a sense of something that was curiously like fear. "Of a surety the memsahib must have fallen. But her gods have wrought a

miracle for her, because she was young and fair. Not a bone is broken, see, Excellency."

He would have moved the body, but Henderson sharply forbade him.

"The memsahib is dead—she must not be touched," he said.

For a second he stood looking down at the woman, whose face lay as though she had fallen asleep, one hand doubled under her cheek.

Against the background of the black, beaten earth, she looked like a figure of marble. The slim, rounded throat, with its exquisite line, was not less white than the gown from which it rose. A thin gold chain, set at long intervals with some bright stone that glowed in the light of the lanterns like drops of blood, encircled her throat, the ends had fallen beneath the body.

Henderson stooped and sought to set the chain straight, less the jewel that dangled at its end might be lost. As he did so he saw that it was not a jewel, only a plain gold ring—a wedding ring.

Like a mah who has unwittingly stumbled upon some intimate secret, Henderson very hastily drew the end of the scarf that was wound about her head over the face of the dead woman.

A WEDDING RING.

IN the days that followed John Hillier often asked himself what he could have done without the help of Anthony Henderson and his wife. Henderson had arranged everything for him—all those hundred and one formalities that follow in the wake of sudden death.

Henderson had sent for his wife immediately and but for her womanly care it is doubtful if Sylvia would have pulled through. Eulalie Henderson was one of those delicate-looking, fawn-like women who so often hide away qualities of iron endurance and resolution behind the pleading, dependent glances of their dove's eyes. She ruled Anthony Henderson with a rod of iron, and soon she was ruling the bungalow at Napur with the same despotic sway.

Sylvia had not regained consciousness for two days after that swooning fit that had seized her in the drawing-room after her hurried entrance on her husband and Henderson as they sat smoking. She knew nothing of Valerie's death, or of the mystery that surrounded it. Not so much of a breath of any such disquieting details must be whispered to her. The doctor was very emphatic upon this point.

"Your wife is suffering from a very severe shock of some kind," he told Hillier. "She appears to me to have been suffering from nervous strain for a prolonged period. She will require great care, very great care. I am glad to hear that you are leaving India. A cursed country for women, this, Sir John. . . . a cursed country."

It was the first time that anyone had addressed Hillier by his new title, and he winced

(Continued on page 11.)

"SWAN"

PENS FOR XMAS

We ask you to buy "Swan" Pens for presents. Not simply because they are made in England, or that a large number of our men in the Army or Navy use them, but because "Swan" Pens are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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45/-

"SWAN" Pens are special favourites in the Navy. We know by the orders we receive.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Result.

Many thanks, Von Tirpitz; you bagged some eighty-odd civilians, a church and two ruins; we get about two new army corps in response to your call. Was it worth it?

British Refugees.

I saw my first British refugees late on Wednesday evening. I happened to be at King's Cross Station when a train from Scarborough arrived. Hardly had it stopped when about a dozen small schoolboys in charge of one mistress jumped out on to the platform and were instantly seized upon and hugged by anxious parents. They had come from bombarded Scarborough. The youngsters seemed thoroughly to have enjoyed it all, one had a small piece of shell he had captured as a souvenir, but the parents were most obviously relieved. It brought the war very near home.

Fled a Second Time.

There was another glad reunion on the same platform. A party of Belgian refugees who had been staying in Scarborough were claimed with joy by some relatives who had been on the platform awaiting the train for a full hour and a half, so a porter told me. For the second time these Belgians had fled from German shells, though I heard one of them say that the Scarborough affair was but a ghost of her previous experience in Antwerp.

Try It.

What every Russian is doing—Zaschyszczaisziszisja. No, I can't pronounce it; the nearest I can get—and that after hours of study—is Tzsch-tshse-tsch-a-u-stee-ye-sciar, said quickly.

Zas, Etc.

What does it mean? Oh, just "defending himself." It's a Russian word. What a grand job the Belgian has done of Zas, etc.

Mme. de Thèbes's Prophecies.

When my Paris gossip sent me yesterday a copy of the Prophecies for 1915 of Mme. de Thèbes, that famous seer of Paris, I turned to the newspapers of a year ago to discover first of all what the prophetic had foretold then. I find in a London newspaper dated November 18, 1913, a short summary, thus: "Mme. de Thèbes has given out her forecast for 1914. . . . She says that the year will be fertile in scientific discoveries, there will be serious threats of war and sensational changes in Germany's institutions. There is to be a terrible flood catastrophe in England and a new Monarchist Government in Portugal."



Mme. de Thèbes.

How to Read it.

Like all good prophecies, you can read this as you like. If you want to believe in it—well, submarines and "Jack Johnsons" are scientific discoveries, war certainly threatened, German institutions are indeed changed since November, 1913, and why not read into the words "flood catastrophe" a couple more to indicate the kind of flood: "flood of shot catastrophe," for example? That accounts for Scarborough, etc. But the Portuguese monarchy beats me.

Nearer to It.

But a few weeks later I find another prophecy of the weird-Parisienne. On January 10, 1914, was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* an interview with Madame, in which she said: "I see trouble in Ireland; you will have shots fired. Trouble also in India. . . . The stars are very black, and earth is ill. . . . Progress, science, civilisation complete the disorder." Now that is something like a prophecy. Except for India, it has come off.

What 1915 Shall Prove.

So having looked up the clairvoyante's credentials, I turn to her words of warning for the coming year. They are many. I have not space to print them all, but I will quote a few. The year is to be a busy, foggy year. It will be a great year, full of tumult and splendour, of happenings fearful and sublime.

When the War Will End.

The end of the war, which is not far off, will be witnessed in 1915. The present terrible conflict, according to the Prophetess of Paris, will terminate between March and July. It will be good news for the Allies that Germany's fate is sealed. She is to be torn by revolution.

A Christmas Card from the Front.

A Christmas card has reached me from the front, produced and printed out there by the Royal Engineers' 1st Printing Company. It is pleasant to think that even in the midst of war the men in the trenches do not forget and their comrades a few miles behind them find time to produce a Christmas card—in colours, too.

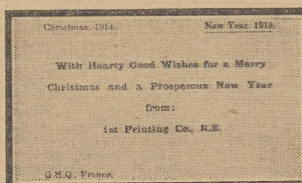
Printed in the Field.

I reproduce here two sides of the card. It also contains this verse:—

Just a little card, printed "in the field,"
By the R.E. Printing Coy., a unit of the shield.
That is straining every nerve, wearing flesh and bone,
To prevent the cruel enemy landing on "our home!"



Though we're going through such times as before
have never been known,
We have sufficient leisure to let our memories roam
To friends or to relations, to those that we hold dear,
And wish all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."



Congratulations, R.E. I shall treasure your card.

Our Football Fund.

Hurrah! We've got that fourth hundred already. Yesterday fifty-eight footballs were added to our total, and we have now collected 408 in all. That nearly satisfies the applicants up to date, but their reinforcements keep rolling in. Now for the 500. Ninety-two more wanted.

Everyone Helping.

By tonight I expect every one of those balls will have been sent out. The men of the Expeditionary Force are having the first chance, naturally, but the applications roll in from every part of the kingdom; but so do the footballs, I am thankful to say.

A Grandfather's Gift.

Among recent donors I should like to thank particularly are the staff of "Pygmalion," at Leeds, for the fourteen fine balls they sent, and "A Grandfather," who writes, "I am keeping my seventieth birthday this week, and I think I cannot commemorate it better than by sending a football to the brave boys who are either fighting for us or making themselves ready to do so. God bless them and keep them."

Ninety-Two More, Please.

Tommy wants footballs; we want to send them to him. Ninety-two more, please, and many thanks for the 408 received.

Wife and Coffee Included.

"The proprietor of a Havre café, in his commendable endeavour to encourage an ever-growing British clientele," writes a soldier friend to me, "has started to print his menus in English. This was the first effort of the local printer:—

MENU.	Fcs. 3.
Soup.	
Entrée.	Joint.
Sweet.	
Wife and coffee included.	

"I have heard of 'woman and wine' as a combination, but never as a substitution," is my friend's comment.

His Opinion.

The ex-Khedive of Egypt thinks that Egypt would be better off under Turkish rule.

What does it matter what a man with 500 wives thinks?

Wanted a Different Suit.

Here is a good story told me yesterday by one of the victims. I won't say which. There was a happy soldier man enjoying his short leave from the front, walking along Pall Mall the other afternoon. He was in mufti, and was thoroughly enjoying his well-earned rest, when a soulful-looking lady stopped him with these words: "I don't think you ought to be wearing those clothes. Wouldn't you like a nice suit of khaki?"

She Fled.

The soldier was so much surprised that, thinking of his own war-worn uniform, he admitted he would. "Then come with me. I can get you one," said the soulful female. The soldier had not expected this, but as he is of a curious nature he went, and he was swiftly escorted to the recruiting tent at Horse Guards Parade. "I've got another one," said the soulful one, triumphantly leading in her captive. And then this dialogue took place between the recruiting officer and the victim:—What name? "Captain So-and-So." "Captain of what?" "The 'Fusiliers.'" "Where are you from?" "Ypres." The soulful patriot had fled.

Mr. Max Pemberton's War Articles.

I look forward to the first of the series of weekly articles Mr. Max Pemberton is writing for next Sunday's *Weekly Dispatch*. Mr. Pemberton's regular summary of the war should make good reading; he has a wonderful way of writing the essentials and neglecting what doesn't matter, and he is writing of a country that he knows too, for only a couple of years ago he made a prolonged tour and study of the French and Belgian frontiers.

He Has Studied the Question.

Mr. Pemberton is going to review—he is good at revue, by the way—each Sunday the week's happenings in the theatre of war. He has a peculiarly complete knowledge of Franco-German politics I know, and he has studied the events and happenings of the war of 1870 more closely than most men, and his writings on modern military affairs are well known to most of us. Of one thing I am sure, Mr. Pemberton will know what he is writing about.

A French Girl's Prison Experiences.

Just what life as a prisoner of the Germans is like you may judge from a letter which reached me yesterday. The experiences are those of Mlle. Madeleine Héniot, a twenty-three-year-old girl, of Lunéville, who was kept for three months after the outbreak of war a captive in Germany. She was in Strasburg when the war began, visiting some relations. She was immediately seized as a hostage.



Mlle. Héniot.

Her relatives' house was ransacked twice; drawers and wardrobes were burst open, papers destroyed and property stolen. While in Strasburg Mlle. Héniot was shadowed wherever she went, and towards the end of September she was expelled from the city at a few days' notice. Before she left the first French prisoners had arrived. "The crowds," she says, "shouted, spat and hooted at them."

They Fear the Cossack.

The Germans in Strasburg do not like the French, but they hate the English, she says. They live in terror of the coming of the Cossacks. From Strasburg Mademoiselle went to Baden-Baden, and since she had some money she was permitted to live, under supervision, in an hotel.

More for the English.

Other prisoners were sent to the interior, where they were badly nourished, and made to sleep, irrespective of sex, all in one big room. For walking a few yards beyond the specified boundary she was fined ten marks. An Englishwoman who committed the same offence was fined 100 marks. While in Baden-Baden a batch of sixty-six British and French prisoners arrived who had suffered the most severe treatment. They were dirty, hungry and ill, and had been imprisoned in cells below the level of the ground open to the gaze of the public, who pelted them with mud and stones.

THE RAMBLER.

FREE CURE FOR ALL URIC ACID COMPLAINTS.

For All Readers Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Etc.

FAMOUS LONDON PHYSICIANS' SPLENDID WINTER GIFT TO THE PUBLIC.

A world-famous London scientist and physician is offering to the public as a special Winter gift free supplies of the most successful of all prescription-preparations for the cure of their Uric Acid complaints.

All who suffer the ceaseless pain of Rheumatism, the agony of Sciatica or Lumbago, the scorching pangs of Gout, or the maddening irritation of Neuralgia can have this famous cure in their hands immediately, free of charge.

Whatever remedies you have hitherto tried, this most successful of all—"Urilac"—may be accepted without hesitation. Simply write as instructed below and your free supply, together with instructive medical treatise and full directions, will be sent by return.

It is quite a liberal supply you will receive. From the very first moment of taking it you feel a wonderful relief. A grateful restlessness steals over your pain-racked nerves as steadily and surely this unique specific combats with the blood, and rids your system of its terrible burden of Uric Acid.

How terrible a burden it is the reader may judge from the following symptoms—only a few of the most common:

Stiff, Painful Joints.
Aching Back.
Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands.
Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains.
Cutting Pains in the Legs.
Throbbing Convulsive Pains in the Temples.
Acute Aching Round the Eyes.
Rheumatoid Arthritis.
Draughts of Cold Air "Cutting" the Skin.
Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

Whichever of these symptoms you may experience from your Uric Acid trouble, you will find "Urilac" effect a lasting and complete cure without interfering with the digestion in the slightest. "Urilac" has only one object—to carry away from the system the Uric Acid that would otherwise form in the system as crystallised or chalky accumulations.

There is no need even to write a letter for your free trial supply. Simply say: "Please send me a free supply of Urilac," give your name and address, and enclose in an envelope with 2d. stamps for postage, etc. The envelope must be addressed to: The Urilac Co., Dept. M.R., 38, Chandos-street, Charing Cross, London, W.C.

"Urilac" may be obtained at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. from all chemists, or post free from the above address. (Advt.)

A BOOK OF ENTHRALLING INTEREST, PROPHECIES AND OMENS OF THE GREAT WAR

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Cockle's Pills of Chemists throughout the world, 1/1 and 2/3 a box.

PERSONAL.

CHHT.—Got another ready. Love and adoration.

HARRY.—Write. Come home Oxbolt Xmas. Love.—Fodgy.

TINKER.—Fondlest greetings. Never forgotten, love, summer—Tans.

Maa.—Received letters. At sea. Please send address. Anxious to write.—Leslie.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—41st Day Competition.—(Issue dated December 12th).—WEDNESDAY's Winners are: A. Godward, 5; Flaxton-place, Lidget Green, Bradford; Mrs. Chabley, 4; Elm House, Eton Burton, Beverley; Miss Vera Stephens, 210, Nelson-road, Gillingham, Kent; Miss R. McKee, 93, St. Malinester, Co. Dilla M. Boyd, 178, Embury-street, Halm, Manchester.

HAIR.—permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st, W.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

under the sound of it. It seemed to have come to him under the shadow of the beating wings of Death.

The doctor had an admirable ally in Mrs. Henderson. She barred the door of Sylvia's room to Hillier.

"No, no," she said in her soft, betraying voice. "No, for many hours yet, my friend. She asks for you—yes, but then she falls into a sleep and forgets you. Or, perhaps, it is that she dreams of you," she added, with a smile that lighted up the dark pallor of her face, "for sometimes she smiles."

But there came a time when Sylvia no longer smiled in her sleep. When she no longer slept at all, but lay in a curious stupor that seemed full of a dull misery, and presently her questioning became incessant, like that of a sick child.

"Where is my husband? Why are you keeping him from me? What has happened; oh, but I know something dreadful—dreadful has happened. I must see him—I have something to tell him."

Then she would bury her face in the pillow and sob, not like a woman, but with the pitiful abandon of a child.

"Oh, you better let her have her way," the doctor said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "She's half-delirious still; but this won't help matters. Let Hillier come in. Nothing can be worse than this."

So John Hillier was allowed to enter the sick room, and Mrs. Henderson slipped out quietly and closed the door behind her.

"What is wrong, Tony?" she asked her husband. "For there is something worse than mere illness the matter there"—she jerked her smooth, black head in the direction of the room from which she had come.

Henderson shook his head. He had his own thoughts, but, like a wife, he did not mention them to his wife—any more than he had mentioned the fact of the wedding ring on the finger of that chain, threaded with little blood-red stones, which had slipped from its hiding place in the dead woman's breast.

For there had been a stranger thing still than the finding of that ring. . . . There had been the fact of its disappearance. When the body of Mrs. Hillier's sister had been brought up from the court of the palace, the gold and gemmed chain had been still about her neck—only the ring was gone.

It might have been stolen, of course . . . that was quite possible, though not very probable, Henderson told himself. Or it might have been caught by some obstacle and wrenched away from the men carried up the dead body. The fact that the little gold ring clasp to which it had been attached was intact did away with that theory . . .

It had seemed to Anthony Henderson a wise and a just thing to make no mention of the ring. Perhaps, afterwards, to Mrs. Hillier herself . . . to the dead woman's sister, but to no one else.

In the meantime . . . what was the sick woman saying to the man for whom she had cared out so eagerly? Anthony Henderson was not usually a curious man, yet his curiosity played very eagerly about that thought.

What had Valerie Hillier to say to her husband?

There will be another long instalment tomorrow.

DEFEAT LEADS TO RIOTS.

ROME, Dec. 17.—According to reports which have reached the Austrian frontier, whence they have been retransmitted here, the situation in the Dual Monarchy is already critical, owing to the defeat inflicted on it by the Serbians.

In Vienna a large crowd gathered in the Ringstrasse and marched to the War Office uttering loud shouts of protest against the way in which the war is being carried on.

In Prague the demonstration assumed a separatist character, in the sense that the Bohemians do not want their sons killed for German and anti-Slav interests.

In Budapest the demonstration assumed the character almost of a riot.—Reuter's Special.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—At 8.15, Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. **ODDS AND ENDS.** Revue, by Harry Gratian. With ARNAUD, DELSIA, PLAYFAIR and MORTON. Preceded by **THE HAZARD** in "Odds." **APOLLO.** Evenings, 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. **CHARLES HAWES** in **A MIRAGE** FROM **MATH COMEDY.**—Eves, 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30. **MISS LAURENCE** in **PEG OF MY HEART.** Special Mat., 2.15. **THE EVENINGS.** at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30. **GEORGE EDWARDS** Production. **A COURT GIRL.** (Special Reduced Prices.) **DUKE OF YORKS.** Last 4 Performances. Evenings, at 8.15. **CHARLES FROMAN** presents **THE LITTLE MINISTER.** by J. M. Barrie. Matinee, Today and Tomorrow, at 2.30. **CARRICK.** Evenings, at 8. **THE DOUBLE MYSTERY.** Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 2.30. (Last time tonight.) **ARTHUR HOLLAND** presents **THE FLAME LIEUTENANT.** **CLARE.**—At 8. **OSCAR ASCHÉ** and **LILY BRAYTON.** **MARTELLA.** Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. **THE FLAME LIEUTENANT.** **ALLAN AYNESWORTH.** **ELLIS JEFFREYS.** **GODFREY TREBLE.** Mats. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. **KINGSWAY.** Evenings, at 8. Mats. Weds. Sat., at 2.30. **THE DYNASTY.** by Thomas Hardy. Abridged and produced by Granville Barker. **PLAYHOUSE.**—Lessee, Mr. Cyril Maude. **BOXING DAY.** At 2.15. Daily, at 2 and 8. **LITTLE LOUD FAIR.** **ROY.** Box-office, 10 to 7. Tel., City 5162. Ger. 3750. **PRINCE OF WALES.** **CHARLES MOUNT.** **MONDAY NEXT.** at 2.30 and 8, and **TWO DAILY.** Popular prices. Reserved, 3s, 4s, 5s. Tel. Ger. 7482-3. **REX.** **THE WILD SWAN.** **AT HOME.** by Lechners Vorrall and J. E. Harold Terry. Evenings, at 8. Mats. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. **ST. JAMES'S.** By Arthur Pinero. (Performance Tomorrow.) **LAST MAT. TOMORROW.** at 2. Seals, 1s to 7s 6d. **ALEXANDER.** **BREN.** **AT THEATRE.** **ALHAMBRA.** **THE ALHAMBRA REVUE.** Varieties at 8. Revue at 8.30. Sat. Mats., at 2.30.

NEWS ITEMS.

France's Gifts to Her Soldiers.

M. Millerand, the French War Minister, has decided to send New Year's gifts to all the soldiers at the front, says Reuter.

No Holland to Cormary Road.

Nobody is now permitted to cross from Holland into Germany, says an Amsterdam message, the road from Lobith (Holland) to Elten being closed yesterday by the Germans.

Five Years for Camp Rector.

Sentence of five years' penal servitude was passed yesterday at Douglas, Isle of Man, on an alien named Vansh, who was responsible for the recent riots in the Detention Camp.

Fruits of Naval Victory.

The Board of Trade announced yesterday that the rates of premium charged for the insurance of hulls have been reduced for a single voyage from 20s. to 15s., and for a round voyage from 40s. to 30s.

Dock Labourers Off to France.

Of the hundreds of dock labourers thrown out of work by the suspension of shipping in the upper Forth 150 have answered the Government's call for men to do transport work and railway construction in France.

But the Wives Say "Yes."

Married men in Canada, it is stated, are not allowed to join the Expeditionary Contingent without the written consent of their wives, and of the married men who wished to volunteer forty per cent. received that permission.

QUICKEST WAY TO FRONT.

Recruits are needed at once to complete the reserve unit of the Middlesex Hussars, Ranelagh Camp, Barnes, which Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Denham is raising. Those who have not yet joined the colours and are anxious to get to the front at the earliest moment could not have their wishes gratified more quickly than by joining this unit.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

There was a big improvement in the sport for the concluding stage of the Lingfield Park meeting yesterday, and there was a much better attendance than on the opening day.

Much the most interesting race was the Ashdown Hurdle, in which Polition and Strike the Lyre fought their Birmingham battle. This pair met at even weights instead of Lord Rosebery's colt conceding 10lb., and Strike the Lyre failed to recede. Polition winning very easily from Variety. Well-backed horses again won most of the races, but there was a surprise in the Open Hunters' Steeplechase, in which Fiolet brought off a 10 to 1 chance in a field of four.

SELECTIONS FOR SANDOWN.

- 1.0—Long Dilton Hurdle—HARVEY SELECTED.
- 1.30—Eppingham Steeplechase—FORTUNE BAY.
- 2.0—Annual Hurdle—CAPTAIN DREYFUS.
- 2.30—Jewell Steeplechase—MAID MARION.
- 3.0—Three-Year-Old Hurdle—SUNNY LAND.
- 3.30—Priory Steeplechase—PRINCE OF PELES.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS and SUNNY LAND.
BOUVIERIE.

LINGFIELD RACING RETURNS.

- 1.0—St. Pier's Chase. 2m.—Nimrod IV. (11-8, Avila).
- 1.15—Fletcher (8-1), 2.1—Glessington (8-1), 3. 5 ran.
- 1.30—Surry Hurdle. 2m.—Dell Catcher (7-4, Butchers), 1; Wenden (10-1), 2; Lindsay Gordon (6-1), 3. 10 ran.
- 2.0—Open Hunters' Chase. 3m.—Flaxseed (10-1, Mr. Mackay), 1; Black Watch II. (11-8), 2. 4 ran.
- 2.30—Ashdown Hurdle. 110—Foliot (40, Duller), 1; Variety (35-1), 2; Maubeg (100-8), 3. 9 ran.
- 3.0—New's End Chase. 2m.—Butter Ball (10-1, L. Jones), 1; The Last (15-8), 2; Hock (even, Walsington), 3.50—Hever Hurdle. 2m.—Hock (even, Walsington), 1; Prince Sterling (5-1), 2; Pontefract (5-1), 3. 6 ran.

The stewards of the National Hunt have withdrawn the notice awarding H. Chadwick, the jockey, off all courses for "cheating" in the 1000 Guineas. The warning of A. V. Casbourne has also been withdrawn.

FROM THE FRONT.—In letters of Soldiers from the front it is proved that "Cherry Yellow" Dobbins rubbed on the feet prevents tenderness and soresness. It is prepared by the makers of CHERRY BLOSSOM Boot Polish.—Adv.

SCALA-KINEMACOLOR. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. **WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE.** ANIMATED WAR MAP augmented as situations develop. **VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.** EVENINGS, at 8.45. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 5. Preceded by **THE HAZARD** in "Odds." **HIPODROME.** DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. **New Revue.** **MORE CHRISTINE SILVER.** **HARRY TATE.** **MORRIS HARVEY.** **AMBROSE THORNE.** **VIVIAN POSTER.** **PALACE.** DAILY, 8.15 to the PASSAGE. **SHOW (first 2 weeks), with BASH HALLAM.** **HARRY WILCOX.** **FRIDAY.** **BROOKER.** **NELSON KEYS** (last 2 weeks) **OF THE RAJAHS RUBY.** **WAS** **PICTURES** on **RESCOPE.** **PASSING SHOW** 8.15. Varieties 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2. **PALLADIUM.**—6.10 and 9. Men, Wed. and Sat., 2.30. 10 and 9. **THE RED HEADS.** **ALBERT WHELAN.** **OSWALD WILLIAMS.** **REVENGE OF THE LION.** **CAN BERN.** **REAL MEKAYS.** etc. **CRYSTAL PALACE.** The National Pleasure Resort. Open 10 to 10. Military Band, Cinematograph, Organ Recitals, etc. See Tickets issued. Return fare and admission from most London Stations. **1st.** **MASKELINE** and **DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.** St. George's Hall Oxford Circus, W.—Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. Seats, 1s-5s. **THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.** 52nd EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES at 64, SUFFOLK-STREET, PAUL MALL, S.W.

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LADY Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd., 22, teeth at hospital prices, weekly if desired—Call or write, 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Teeth, Mayfair 6855. **15/-**—**22**, Highest, Netting Hill Gate. Tel., 2160 Park.

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PHESANT'S Pheasants! Pheasants!!—6s. brace; 4. Pheasants, 4s. Hares, 10s. 5s. 6d. 2 Wild Ducks, 4s. 6d. 3s. 3d. 3 Chickens, 5s. 1 larger size, 5s. 6d. Hare and pheasant, 5s. 6d.; Hare and 2 Chickens, 5s. 6d.; all carriage paid, all birds trussed.—Foot's Store, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware-road, London, W.

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TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.

The very charming and exquisite Engraving of "Ruth and Naomi" from the Original Painting by P. H. Calderon, ROYAL ACADEMICIAN, NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, will be presented absolutely free to every reader of this paper making application by means of the Coupon found below. Each Engraving is produced direct from the Engraved Plate on fine quality Plate Paper measuring 22 by 16 inches.

The Royal Academician has depicted a most touching scene of deep, warm, tender affection in Ruth clinging to Naomi and uttering the heartfelt cry, as recorded in the Book of Ruth: "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

In this ennobling picture we secure a representation of true affection—full of pathos—and read in the light of the Bible story, the engraving will commend itself to every lover of High Art.



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This unique and generous gift of a FREE ENGRAVING is presented for the purpose of making the exceedingly high-class character of our pictures better known, and to introduce our Illustrated Art List to the readers of this paper. The reader has simply to fill up the coupon, and forward same to M. COLBANE-EMART, Secretary, THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, 251, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W., with a registration fee of 6d. by Postal Order (or stamps 7d.) to defray the cost of case, packing, and carriage per parcel post, on receipt of which the Engraving will be carefully packed and dispatched, FREE OF ALL CHARGE.

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Destitute and Orphan Children

this Christmas-tide.

Owing to the War they are in great need.

2/6 Gifts

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As they come.

Friday, December 13, 1914.

The Daily Mirror

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SCENES ON ENGLAND'S EAST COAST AFTER GERMAN BOMBARDMENT.



This house in Commercial-street, Scarborough, is totally wrecked. The shell entered the roof and shattered the house.



Holding a shell which did not explode.



Two shells which did not explode at Scarborough.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



A house in the Crescent, Scarborough, which was shattered by a German shell fired from a Dreadnought cruiser.



Room in the office of R. Ropner and Co., of Mainsforth-terrace, West Hartlepool. The large hole shows where a shell entered, which hit the massive safe door.



Where the Hartlepool gasometer was hit and fired by the shell that had pierced the wall.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

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